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## A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

### Love and Catnip.

BY EDGAR SOMERS.

The dim light of the lamp illumined the apartment for a while, but at last went out, leaving the room in darkness, save when an occasional flash of light from the half extinguished fire gleamed for a moment upon the obscurity.

In one corner, seated upon a sofa, were the forms of a gentle maiden and her adoring lover. The youth was pleading his passion with all the burning eloquence of impetuous love, and imploring his charmer to name the happy day that was to unite them forever. But what was his grief to find that she did not meet his wishes with corresponding ardor.

"Ah, Susan," he sighed, "have I then deceived myself in fondly believing that your gentle heart reciprocated my passion?"

"I rather think you have." "What! you cannot mean that you do not love me! you will not tear from the sky of the future the bright sun of hope, and leave me to grope forever in darkness? Oh, Susan! by the happy hours we have passed together—by all the bright dreams of happiness we have cherished—by the vows you have sworn to love me, I conjure you to revoke what you have just uttered and promise to be mine!"

But all unmoved by his appeal, she curls her ruby lip and scornfully answers, "I shall not do such thing!"

"Merciful Heavens! do I hear aright! must I then live on in loneliness, with all my hopes withered and dead like a solitary sun-flower stalk in the chilling winter? Nay, by the whole universe I swear it shall not be! Mark me, cruel one; thou hast been the bright polar star by which I guided my whole existence. Thou wast the rock on which I founded my hope of happiness; and if thou wilt not consent to be mine, I swear by the blazing sun, that when he rises as usual to-morrow morning, before breakfast, his rays shall shine on me, a cold corpse, beneath the angry waves of the raging Margarine—or perchance my bloody remains will be found upon its banks; and if these means of death fail me, I will swallow poison! do you hear, and expire for love of thee. Then you will have nought to remind you of him who loved you better than a thanksgiving dinner, save the consoling reflection that you are his murderer!"

But his agony, his threats, affected her not. She was as cold as the icicle, that in midwinter hangs from the nose of the town pump. Cruelly—deliberately, did she crush his last hope, and then with a mocking, incredulous smile she said—

"You dare not do it."

He sprang to his feet; despair was painted on his features; desperation glared in his eyes. With his hands clasped in agony he turned an imploring look towards the mistress of his heart and exclaimed—

"Once more I implore you reflect; recall those cruel words or I go to fulfill my threat!" and with his hand upon the latch he awaited her decision. It came like a thunder bolt to the unhappy youth.

"You may go, if you wish, to grass!"

With one bound he gained the street; furiously he dashed along, and turning the first corner ran against a gust of wind that was rushing the other way. The breeze knocked off his hat—it had cost him a V, but the week before, yet he heeded not its loss. Like a whirlwind he swept along the sidewalk, and spying a blue bottle in a drugist's window, he made tracks like a longitudinal stripe of crude and solidified city milk, towards it. Opening the door with an impetuosity that made the clerk spring over the counter and seek safety behind a glass case, he fixed his eyes with the ferocity of a bereaved maternal tigress upon the elfin and trembling attendant and hoarsely growled—

"Poison! give me poison!"

"Oh—ah—what?" gasped the horror-stricken clerk from his place of refuge.

"Poison! do you hear?" thundered the youth furiously.

With a shaking hand the clerk filled a phial and overran the liquid on his new inexpressible, but not heeding this mishap, he placed the significant label "poison" on the bottle, and standing on tip toes reached it over the top of the show case to his dangerous customer. Clutching it fiercely, the doomed young man hurried a quarter at the head of the clerk, and then hurried to his lodgings.

When he reached his own room the excitement had passed, but it was succeeded by a cool deliberation and determination that was as absolutely blood-chilling as a cold pack in December. Undressing, he prepared for bed, and then seizing the phial of poison he drank its contents unflinchingly. Getting into bed, he aroused his chum who had slept thro' the whole of this terrible scene, and bade him arise and call his parents and also send for his false lady-love to come and

see him die. His request was complied with, and soon his weeping parents arrived to bless their dying son. While they were lamenting over him, the door opened and Susan—the cruel, but now repentant object of his love—entered the room. As she approached the bed side of the expiring youth, he raised himself feebly up and said:

"Susan, for thee I die!" and sank back helpless on his pillow.

Who shall paint the anguish, the agony of the lovely maiden! With shrieks that rent the air into shreds and drove the ancient tabby from the room, she rushed to her doomed lover and implored his forgiveness. She called him by every endearing epithet, but alas, it was too late—too late! Fondly she embraced him—tenderly she parted the hair from his brow and kissed his pale forehead. They were reconciled while he was on the brink of eternity. But the poison was at work within; he felt it coursing its burning way through every vein. He was conscious that he had but a few short moments to live, when his chum who had entered to bid him a last farewell, enquired what he had taken. Perhaps there is an antidote.

"Alas—no," murmured the unhappy victim; "it is too late to think of remedies. I am almost gone. The bottle of poison is on the mantle; I do not know its name."

The chum seized the phial; he looked at what remained of the fatal draught—dubiously he sighed, and extracting the cork applied it to his olfactory proboscis. Three long sniffs took he and the phial fell with a crash from his almost palsied hands, while in tones of wonder he ejaculated—

"Catnip! by thunder!"

"What!" exclaimed the expiring lover, springing bolt upright in bed.

"Extract of Catnip, sure as shunks; you are not poisoned at all."

With one bound the poisoned man gained the middle of the room. His lady love fled in dismay at beholding him in his scanty attire, and he, picking up the phial, soon satisfied himself that it was indeed catnip he had swallowed.

Great was his rage at the discovery; with horrid imprecations on the luckless wight who had deceived him, he got into his clothing, and arming himself with a big stick he sallied forth to wreak vengeance on his devoted head. But to his deep disappointment, the drug store was closed and the attendant gone. Taking the edge off his wrath by shaking out of his boots a small boy whom he encountered on his homeward way, he swore a deep and terrible oath of vengeance on the drugist's clerk, to be inflicted the first time he encountered him at large in the open air, after sundown. Horrible to hear were the words he breathed, and the oath was registered—somewhere.

And now each night may be seen a slender strapping wending his way homeward at a rapid pace. He has a big bowie knife and a revolver in each hand, yet he starts at every footstep and trembles at every shadow! Ever and anon he casts looks of terror behind for he fears the avenger. It is the doomed drugist's clerk, and since the threat of the poisoned man has been told him, he has grown so thin that his employer intends to use him as an illustration to a course of lectures on anatomy.

MORAL.—When a rejected young man bent on suicide seeks to purchase poison, let him have it; it is decidedly the best thing he could take, and by complying with the request the apothecary may escape a future drubbing.

Secondly, young men—when you get "the million," don't commit suicide in a hurry, if you do you may live to repent it.

Shipbuilding Extraordinary.

Punch says it is clear that shipbuilding is merely in its cradle. The Yankees are determined not to be outtraced by the Levantines. We are informed that at New York they are building a ship so tremendously long, that there is no part of the ocean sufficiently broad to enable it to turn. This difficulty is to be obviated by the ship having two wheels—one on the American end, and the other on the English. Long before you have had time to stroll from one wheel to another, you will be at your journey's end. There will be cab-stands at various points, for the convenience of those who cannot keep up with the speed of the vessel.—An omnibus will also start at the commencement of each trip. It guarantees to reach the other extremity of the vessel, precisely at the same time that the vessel touches at the desired harbor. For the accommodation of pedestrians, persons going from England to America are requested to keep on the right hand side of the vessel, while passengers walking from the American continent to the European are directed to go on the left. There are to be shops on both sides all the way.—The mere rent of these is expected to pay for the outfit of the building. The ship is not yet christened, but we suppose the Yankees will call it the Stretcher.

## MISCELLANY.

### Autobiography of Commissioner Yeh.

Late Governor of Canton, and now a prisoner in the hands of the British. The *Moniteur de la Flotte* publishes the following report of an examination of Commissioner Yeh, on board the *Inflexible*, by an English officer, before the Mandarin in question sailed from Hong Kong for Calcutta. It is interesting. In answer to questions the ex-Viceroy said:—I was born in the village of Koah-Tib, in the province of Ho-Nan. My father was a basket-maker, and eked out his income by trading in rice. We were fourteen children. It an early age I acquired a taste for reading, and whenever I had any money I expended it in the purchase of books. After a few years I was considered as a man of learning among the boys of my age, and when the Inspector General of Public Instruction, who visited our province every five years, came, I asked to be allowed to undergo an examination. My request was granted, I came into the schools with an elaborate commentary on the *Ta-Hio*, the great book of science of Confucius, and after three days' successive examinations I was appointed a "literatus" of the third class, and attached as tutor to the College of Khai-Fang, the chief town in the province. The Mandarin governor of Ho-Nan's attention was directed to me, and he chose me as Secretary. Two years later he was summoned to the capital, and took me with him. During my sojourn at Peking I acquired the degree of literatus of the second and of the first class. My patron died, but I had been noticed by the head of the Nuyko, in whose hands rested also the direction of the Emperor's "Cabinet," and attained the office of Vice-President of Hing-Pou or Tribunal of Punishments. I won no small distinction in the discharge of the duties of this office, and in two missions which I was subsequently entrusted with, I had the honor of being noticed by the sublime sovereign upon rules over us. Finally, in 1847, I was associated with the very worthy and much regretted Houang-Nyang-Toung, who was invested with the government of Canton. The country was then a prey to a terrible insurrection, which it was necessary to suppress. The insurgents burnt towns and villages, and slaughtered the inhabitants by thousands. It was necessary to stop them. The Viceroy, Sin, with whom we were, gave no quarter to the rebels, and was thus enabled to keep the insurrection within due bounds. He died in 1853, and I succeeded to him. I followed his example, and the rebellion gradually gave way.

The cruelties which he practised having been alluded to, he said:—Hear me.—One of the rebels chieftains was in the habit of having all the prisoners he took from us slain between two planks. I informed him that I would use reprisals—his put to death in the same way—but he had previously had not less than six thousand men, many of them officers, slain between two planks.

English officer.—How many prisoners do you think you have executed?

Yeh.—About sixty thousand; but the rebels have slaughtered more than three hundred thousand.

English officer.—You have had many people put to death who had nothing to do with the insurrection?

Yeh.—Why, fancy. The province of Canton is a kind of refuge for all thieves and murderers in the empire who escape from justice. I saw that crimes were frequent, and, therefore, ordered frequent executions; but the people thus put to death were always thieves and murderers, who almost invariably confessed their crimes.

English officer.—You don't seem to have been popular in that city.

Yeh.—I never discovered that I was unpopular. I knew the people feared me, and kept quiet. The public peace in the city was never disturbed, trade prospered, and people grew rich. The Emperor, my immortal master, to reward me, had conferred upon me the title *Wan-tziao*, the highest of all, and had authorized me to take the surname of Ming-Chin. As to the reproach of having availed myself of my position to accumulate wealth, it is false. I am rich in dignities and titles, but poor in money. A great part of my income I send to my friends and relatives.

In the village where I was born I have had a temple built at my own expense, and have had several dwellings erected for poor families. My enemies are chiefly in the upper classes. They wish for my downfall in order to take my place.

The *Moniteur de la Flotte* adds, that the arrival of the *Inflexible* in Signapore Roads, with Yeh on board, had caused a certain sensation among the Chinese population. The *Inflexible* having struck on her arrival, a rumor was got up that it was intended to dethrone the Viceroy, but it fell naturally when the tide floated off the ship.

The following is an extract of a private letter in *Saunder's*, dated Canton River, February 20:—"In catching Yeh, we have not caught a Tartar; he is of pure Chinese blood, and rose to his high position by great mental capacity. He first attracted the notice of the Emperor by an historical book he wrote, and since that period his rise became rapid. He took the highest Chinese degree when twenty-nine years old, and may now be called the second wrangler in the empire. He is very simple and regular in his tastes and habits; highly courteous and polite in his manners; does not drink as a general rule; never smokes opium; never appears to evince the slightest concern about his fate; is a Buddhist; prays regularly twice a day with his head eastward; sleeps a good deal; smokes a good deal; talks little; appears much esteemed by his attendants and the higher class of Chinese; of course, he is obstinate as a pig, and hates us cordially. His food is chiefly rice, ducks, pork, salted eggs, and some other curious Chinese delicacies—of course he won't eat beef. His drink is chiefly hot, weak tea. He has never tasted water in his life, and swears a drink of it would kill him. I have twice had long chats with him, through the interpreter, of course, and am much pleased at the chance of learning Chinese eccentricities. So far as hot Tea, vs. cold Water goes, the Chinese are highly sensible. The water here is very bad, and is, I believe, one great cause of sickness among foreigners."

The aristocracy of money. With all our boasted democracy, money exercises a more undue influence in the United States, than any other country on the globe. From infancy we are taught to believe it the source of every earthly good. The excessive homage which it exacts, is the parent of unnumbered social political evils—for it too often overrides talent and virtue and with a manly broader than charity, it covers every sin.—When kept by higher and purer influences within legitimate limits, it is the nurse of economy and independence and adds springs to industry and enterprise, but let it once break over these bounds it then permeates and corrodes the social system. Few persons understand the true use of money, hence its possession is as often a curse as a blessing. Men will sacrifice health, happiness and honor to acquire that, which when acquired, can afford no solid satisfaction. If it adds to the rational enjoyment of life—if it enables struggling genius to surmount the steps of poverty—if it administers to the sick, clothes the naked and feeds the hungry, then, it is a blessing, but if it only increases our pride, extravagance and dissipation, it is then, the greatest of curses. Our real wants are few—our imaginary are as numberless as the sands of the sea shore. The most wretched creature we ever saw, was an old miser, surrounded by his bags of money, coined from the tears of widows and orphans—the happiest man we know, is our friend Tom Parish the shoemaker. Tom owns a wife several flax-headed children and a fiddle. When not engaged in mending his own soul and the soles of his customers, he tortures out of his fiddle, songs of love and war. He says when his thread of life is clipped by the fatal shears and he is asked to "peg out," that he expects to obey the summons—

"Not like the galley slave at night, scourged to his dungeon— But like one, who wraps around, the drapery of his couch, And lies down to pleasant dreams."

Tom is a philosopher and we hope in these hard times that many of our readers will profit by his example. Such men alone, in these days of broken banks and wrecked fortunes can—

"Doff the world aside and bid it pass."

Fun with the F's. A famous fisher found himself father of five flirting females—Fanny, Florence, Fernando, Francesca and Fenella. The first four were flat-footed ill-favored, forbidden-faced, freckled, frumps, fretful, flippant, foolish and flouting. Fenella was a fine-featured, fresh, fleet-footed, fairy, frank, free and full of fun. The fisher failed, and was forced by fickle fortune to forego his footman, forfeit his father's fine field, and find a forlorn farm-house in a forsaken forest. The four fretful females, fond of figuring at fairs in feathers and fashionable finery, famed at their fugitive father. Forsaken by false friends, flouting fortune hunters, who followed them when they first flourished, Fenella fondled her father, flavored their food, forgot her flattering followers and frolicked in frisks without flounces. The father finding himself forced to forage in foreign parts for a fortune, found he could afford a farthing to his five fondlings.

The first four were fain to foster their frivolity with fine frills and fans, fit to finish their father's finances. Fenella, fearful of flooring him, formed a fancy for a full fresh flower. Fate favored the fish doctor for a few days, when he fell in with a fog; his filly's footsteps faltered, and food failed. He found himself in front of a fortified fortress. Finding it forsaken, and feeling himself feeble and forlorn with fasting, he fed on the fish, flesh and fowl he found, fricased and fried, and when full fell flat on the floor. Fresh in the forenoon, he forthwith flew to the fruitful fields, and not forgetting Fenella, fished a fair flower, where a foul frightful fendish figure flashed forth: "Felonious fellow, fingering my flowers, I'll finish you! Go say farewell to your fine felicious family and face me in a fortnight."

The faint-hearted fisher fumed and faltered, and fast was far in his flight.—His five daughters flew to fall at his feet, and fervently felicitate him. Frantically and dunctly he unfolded his fate. Fenella forthwith fortified by her filial fondness, followed her father's footsteps, and flung her fattest form at the foot of the frightful figure, who forgave the father and fell flat on his face, for he had fervently fallen in a fiery fit of love for the fair Fenella. He feasted her fill; fascinated by her faithfulness she forgot the ferocity of his face, form and features, and frankly and fondly fixed Friday, 5th day of February, for the affair to come off. There was festivity, fragrance, finery, fire-works, fricased frogs, fritters, fish, flesh, fowl and fermentary, fritons, flip and fare fit for the fastidious; frus, fass, flambeaux, four fat fiddlers and fifers; and the frightful form of the fortunate and frumpish fend fell from him, and he fell at Fenella's feet a fair-favored, fine frank, freeman of the forest. Behold the fruits of filial affection!

The Right of Visit. The Louisville Journal, discussing the right of visit says:

In our judgment, the government that obstinately denies it, in the practice as well as theory, offers its protection, in effect, to every pirate that roves the seas. It virtually converts its flag into an amulet or talisman for every buccaneer who chooses to carry it. This is no exaggeration. As respects the great purpose of police, the right of visit cannot be utterly denied without paralysing every man-of-war on the ocean. Nothing can be clearer than this. If the flag of a respectable nation protects the vessel at whose masthead it is flying from even the slightest degree of scrutiny that may be requisite to ascertain its genuineness, a pirate obviously has merely to run up the flag of such a nation and laugh his pursuer to scorn. Imagine, under such a dispensation as this, a freebooter roving for plunder on the high seas. A British cruiser heaves in sight, and the marauder hoists the American flag, and passes on unchallenged.

Presently an American vessel appears, and he hoists the British flag, with the same magical effect. Next comes a French man-of-war, or a Spanish frigate, or a Portuguese corvette, and he sends his couple of flags of all other nations up to the mast-head of his villainous craft, and forthwith, it is secured from the footsteps of the minister of justice. In this manner the blackest brigand that ever infested the seas, might run the gauntlet of all the war vessels of Christendom as if clad with enchantment. Pirates might as well be presented with the freedom of the ocean at once. A doctrine which leads directly and unavoidably to such shocking absurdities can have no foundation in reason or justice.

The Wash. Union violently abuses those anti-Leocompton Democrats who dare to complain because they are proscribed by the administration. Dr. Johnson says that as he was once passing a fishmonger in the act of skinning a live eel, he heard him curse the thing for not lying still.—[Louisville Journal.]

How the Sun caught a Thief in the act. Five or six days ago, says a late Paris paper, M. X—, a photographer, allured by the brightness of the sun and the softness of the air, provided himself with the necessary baggage and hastened to Fontainebleau, to take views of the forest.—He installed himself in a very picturesque quarter, and erected his apparatus, prepared his plates, opened his object-glass, and enveloping at once his case and his head in a dark and fluctuant veil, set himself to the task of seizing the objects in view. He had just taken out his proof from the dark chamber and was subjecting it to chemical reactions, when a strong hand was placed on his shoulder. He turned round hastily, and found himself in presence of a species of giant, meanly attired, who by gestures and voice demanded his purse.

M. X—, is not a Hercules, and from the first glance toward his adversary, he concluded that all resistance was useless. He therefore politely offered his purse, which was accepted with thankfulness. The robber bowed, and leaving him to his resignation, went into the depths of the forest. Poor X—, meditating on his sad lot, remained sometime motionless; his looks were mechanically set on his photographic proof; he mused upon it with a diverted eye; suddenly—"What is this?" exclaimed he; "what is the human form in this copious, under the shade of this oak? Heavens! should I believe my eyes? It is him, it is my robber, perfectly delineated, and very easy to be recognized. O, Providence! O, divine sun, my collaborer, how well you do things!" On his return, he repaired to the police commissioner at Fontainebleau, related his adventure, exhibited his proof plates, and the malefactor's likeness. Next day, with the aid of this singular description, the robber was arrested.

Woman's Ruling Idea.

The Washington States, with a view to show that the possession of 'style' is innate in woman, describes the following scene: On the last sunny day, passing in the vicinity of a newly erected building, we saw a little beggar girl sitting on a pile of sand. An old scrap of sunbonnet partly shaded her handsome features, and her round shoulders revealed themselves through a rag of a frock, the material of which had been bright gingham; but its true glory had long passed away. She wore no stockings, and the bottom of her dress which, through the combined influence of time and picking up chips had become fringed, hardly reached to her knees. Her basket of chips lay on the dirt, by her side, while, with a flushed face and excited effort, she was endeavoring to insert part of an old barrel hoop in the hem of her petticoat. She worked and toiled; the hem was very ragged and the hoop very wide, and all full of splinters. At last she succeeded in getting so much of it in as to produce the necessary bulge, and taking her basket she walked off, swaying her newly expanded dress from side to side, with at least three feet of the hoop trailing behind. As she swung away there was such an expression of sincere gratification on her face, that in spite of her ridiculous appearance, we could not help sympathizing with her; and we knew that she was quite as well satisfied as most women are in a mouse-colored more antique, with point lace flourishes, over a patent adjustable bustle expansion skirt—the latest and of course the most inflexible, of fashionable guises. We thought the little beggar girl was not the only one that felt the design apparent, and made vanity a virtue and a sentiment.

A Smart Boy.

"Well, whose pigs are those?" "Old sow's sir." "Whose sow is it?" "Old man's, sir." "Well, then, who is your old man?" "If you'll mind the pigs I'll run home and ask the old woman." "Never mind, sonny. I want a smart boy—what can you do?" "I can milk the geese, ride the turkeys to water, hamstring the grasshoppers, light fires for flies to court by, cut the buttons off dad's coat when he is at prayers, keep tally for dad and man when they would at a mark—old woman is always ahead."

"Got any brothers?" "Lots of 'em—all named Bill except Bob, his name's Sam—my name's Larry, but they call me Lazy Lawrence for shortness."

"Well, you are most too smart for me." "Travel on, old stick-in-the-mud, I shan't hire you for boss to-day."

It is said that one of the editors of the *Louisburg Chronicle*, soon after he went to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

None are so fond of secrets as those who cannot keep them.

## Growing Old.

There are tributes of ephemeral insects which are born, live merrily, grow old and die, within the compass of twenty-four hours. The whole purpose of their life appears, and yet to them it may seem an age. Moments are hours, minutes are months, and hours are years, in which they disport themselves, have their quarrels and loves, fulfil the behest of their Maker, and then wearied and worn, retire to die.

And what is human life but a span of time a little more protracted. To the young it may seem an age in prospect, but as the years flit past, they impress us with their brevity. Has it struck you, reader, how rapidly you grow old? Or, do you imagine that the lapse of years has but little corroding effect on you? Have you not been sometimes startled when you hear yourself spoken of as an advanced in years? Or, in visiting some spot, dear to your youthful days, has not the truth been brought home to you, as you see a champion of your boyish days with his hair silvered, and the whole tone of his manner changed? Or, when you behold the once beautiful girl, whose smile and exuberant hilarity were the dream of your youth, now a grave matron, with the furrows of care on her brow, and every trace of beauty fled? Will you not lay it to heart that you are growing old, when you find no youth around you except those who have been born since you have arrived at manhood?

Thus ceaselessly the pendulum of life swings, and as its swings, youthful bloom fades, and maturity comes and passes, and decrepitude totters into the grave. But not as the moments of the ephemeral insect, pass the years of our life. Each one has its influence in the formation of a character which is to survive the configuration of the world. Each one makes its own indelible record—a mark for eternity! It is a current setting us strongly towards a secure haven, or a deep and unfathomable gulf. It matters not to what generation we belong, it is one rapidly hastening end. "Be wise to-day," 'tis madness to defer."

## The Burning Mountain.

As is generally known, there is a vein of coal located above water level in the Broad Mountain, about seven miles from this borough, and near Hecksherille, which for twenty-one years has been on fire. The vein, which contains excellent white ash coal, is some forty feet in thickness. The origin of the fire is attributed to a couple of miners, who, having some work to perform in the drift in the depth of winter, built a fire—their being cold—in the gangway. The flames destroying the prop timbers, were carried by a strong current rapidly along the passage, and the fire communicating to the coal, all subsequent efforts to extinguish it were ineffectual. The men were out off from escape, and were undoubtedly suffocated to death. Their remains were never found. A few days since we ascended the mountain at the spot of the fire, and were much interested in examining the effects of the fire upon the surface. The course of it is from west to east, and where the vein is nearest the surface, the ground is for several hundred feet sunken into deep pits, and while the stones exhibit evidence of having been exposed to the action of intense heat, every vestige of vegetation has been blasted. It is a desert tract in the midst of smiling fertility. The ground in some places was almost too warm for the hand to rest upon, while steam from water heated by the eternal fire, rose from every pore. The fire has evidently extended for several hundred yards from the place it originated, and finds vent and air to continue its progress, at the pits to which we have alluded. A score of years has passed—still it burns, and will burn till further fuel is denied the devouring element. Thousands of tons of coal have undoubtedly been consumed, and thousands of tons may yet feed the fire before it is checked.—[*Miners' Journal*.]

## Wilson and Pinney are leading members of the Washington county bar.

Sitting opposite each other at the dinner table—they are always opposite in practice at the bar in the court house, and agree at the bar in the hotel! Wilson was describing the effects of a speech he made a few nights before in a great political meeting in the village where Pinney resides.

"Indeed," said he. "I never saw people so filled with enthusiasm!" "Filled with what?" cries Pinney. "Oh ah!" said Pinney. "I understand, but I never heard it called by that name before; we call it rum."

A friend returning from abroad, says he once found two Austrian custom officers endeavoring to make out his name from his traveling trunk. They had got Mr. Farant's Solterz. The trunk was marked, Warranted Sole-Leather!

Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

The Wash. Union violently abuses those anti-Leocompton Democrats who dare to complain because they are proscribed by the administration. Dr. Johnson says that as he was once passing a fishmonger in the act of skinning a live eel, he heard him curse the thing for not lying still.—[Louisville Journal.]

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